

Timeâ€™s Not a Line, Itâ€™s like a Wheel

by Aseret Kitsune

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Summary: RvB. Church gets Donut to hit him with a baseball bat to he can go back in time to save his and Grifâ€™s relationship. Which he ruined, by the way, because he was drunk.

Timeâ€™s Not a Line, Itâ€™s like a Wheel

****A/N:**** I originally wrote this sometime in, 2006 I think it was, for my Creative Writing class. Found it in one of my folders and decided to edit it a bit and post it up. No idea where the inspiration came from.

> Genre: Humor/Romance

> Pairings:Church/Grif, Church/Tex, Donut/Caboose

> Rating: M

> Summary: Church gets Donut to hit him with a baseball bat to he can go back in time to save his and Grif's relationship. Which he ruined, by the way, because he was drunk.

> Warnings: Alcohol, pain, slash, het, stupidity, giant hamster wheels, cheating, and bets.

> Disclaimer: If I actually owned RvB, it's be fucked up in whole new ways.

Time's Not a Line, It's like a Wheel

> Or
 Life really is Dreamlike

"Donut. Good, you're here," Leonard Church said in place of a proper greeting, dragging the smaller male into the room and pushing him down on the bed. He started to pace the cluttered room like a mad man. Donut, a dirty blonde male in his early twenties and wearing a tight pink shirt, eyed him carefully.

"Why'd you call me, Church? Better yet, have you slept or eaten since you and Grif broke up, again?" he asked, worried about his friend.

"That's not important. What is important is that I know how to get back together with Dexter," Church replied, evading the real

questions.

"Apologize to him?" Church stopped mid-step and looked at him as if he'd lost his mind.

"Tch. No. Why would I do that?"

"Maybe 'cause you cheated on him?" Donut reminded the dark haired man.

"Hey, I was drunk. It's not my fault Tex decided she was bored," he defended himself.

"You could have said no," Donut pointed out.

"Drunk. D-r-u-n-k. Enough said." Donut just rolled his eyes and let Church get back to his explanation.

"Well, you know how Dex walked in the room when Tex kissed me, right? I'm going to make it so he doesn't remember that." He looked eagerly at Donut.

"â€|You're going to erase his memory?"

"Noâ€|Not even close. I'm going to go back in time and make sure me and Tex are in another room," he told him, the grin on his face a mixture of triumph and insanity.

"â€|So, wait. Instead of stopping the kiss, you're going to switch rooms?" Donut questioned, not sure of the logic.

"It was a_reallyâ€|_goodâ€|kissâ€|" He sighed. "I can't help doin' stuff when I'm drunk. You know that, Donut."

"Yeah, I do," he agreed, rolling his baby blue eyes.

"Anyway, that's my plan. Then after that, Grif won't know, I'll vaguely remember, and me and Grif will still be together. Of course, you won't know this for much longer because by me going back in time, that will eradicate any reason for me _to _go back in time, and I'll never call you over here."

Donut tried to process all that, his eyebrows furrowed in deep thought. He opened his mouth and closed it again a few times much like a guppy, ignoring the fact that Church was explaining something about how he'd go back in time.

"Butâ€|but if you, don't go back in time, you guys'll break up, and then you _will_go back in time, making it so you don't need toâ€|so you won't, but then you'llâ€|" Donut said slowly, trying to work it all out. It just gave him a headache.

"Moving on, Donut. Now, to go back in time, I need you to knock me out."

"â€|Why?"

"It has something to do with brainwaves. I doubt you'd get it," he replied.

"Hey!" Church just went on talking, ignoring Donut's pout.

"So, if you knock me out while I'm running in a giant gerbil wheel really fast, then I'll be sent back in time."

"â€|That doesn't sound possibleâ€|" Donut commented.

"So, will you knock me out?" the man asked his smaller friend, pleading with his eyes.

"Okay!" The dirty blonde haired man was a bit too eager for Church's liking, but he ignored that.

"Thanks, man. I owe you one."

"But we both won't remember that," he pointed out. "Also, this won't happen, yet it willâ€|but it won't, but-"

"Right. Well, I'll leave myself a note in the past to do something nice for you. Maybe I'll put the idea of dating you into Caboose's head," Church told him with a grin.

"Caboose! You'd do that?" Donut asked, astonished. The older man nodded and Donut jumped off the bed, throwing his arms around Church. "Thank you! You're great!"

"Heh. Yeah, I really am. Now get off me."

"Wait, where are you going to get a life-size gerbil wheel?" Donut asked perplexed.

"Don't worry, I have that covered," he assured.

"Really?"

"Er, sort of. This dude owes me a favor," Church replied. "Anyway, I need you to come back here in three days, okay? By then, everything'll be ready."

"Okay, Church. Good luck. I'll make sure my arms are strong enough to hit your head with a bat really hard," Donut promised.

"Thanks, man."

It was three days later, noon, and Donut was once again outside Church's door. He knocked, then entered when Church yelled for him to come in. the dirty blonde opened the door and walked in the room, closing it behind him. Before he could greet the older man, Church rushed over to him, a wooden baseball bat in hand. He put it in Donut's grasp and motioned behind him where there was indeed a life-sized running wheel.

"Wowâ€|" was all the astounded Donut could muster.

"Okay, here's how it's going to work: I'll be running in the wheel, and then Gary here," Church went over and patted the machinery attached to the wheel, "will be monitoring my progress. When I get to sixty miles per hour, that's your cue to hit me with the bat."

"I won't let you down, buddy," Donut promised.

"Thanks, Donut. You're the most competent oneâ€¦Well, I know you won't kill meâ€¦purposely."

"Nope. I want Caboose," he replied honestly.

"Yeah, I'm just going to start up the machine now. Soon, you won't remember this."

"Neither will you," Donut said as Church clambered into the giant wheel. He briefly wondered how the older man got it in the room, but decided that it wasn't all that surprising.

"And that's the point. Now, get ready. The computer will also be boosting my speedâ€¦Don't give me that look. I'm not going to waste my energy getting to the past. That'd just be stupid; I'd be too tired to do anything."

"Sure, that's the reason. Not the fact that you're almost as lazy and out of shape as Grif," the blonde mock agreed.

"_Donut_," Church growled warningly.

"Besides, I thought the point was to not get caught by Grif."

"Shut up and get ready to knock me out, Donut."

" 'Kay."

Church began to run, slow at first, but then gaining in speed. The computer helped his progress plenty. Fifteen miles per hour, twenty, thirty-two, thirty-five, forty, fifty, fifty-five, sixty miles per hour. Church was stumbling over the very air in the wheel.

Donut, grasping the bat with both hands, edged near the wheel. When he had the perfect shot, he pulled his arms back, and then swung. He hit Church in the back of the head. The older man's vision blurred, and then he saw nothing.

â€¦â€¦.

Church woke up, groggy and in pain, on his bed. It was devoid of the computer, Donut, the baseball bat, and the big hamster wheel. The man adopted a triumphant grin and shot out of bed; after all, there wasn't anything to truly celebrate until Church successfully kept Grif from finding out about him and Tex.

"Okay, it is-" he looked at the wall clock, "-half an hour before Tex kissedâ€¦_kisses_me."

Church dashed out his door and ran as fast as he could towards where the party was; the party where it all happened. Unfortunately, the only way that he knew how to get there was blocked.

"â€¦It's official, God really has it out for me."

He looked at the traffic cones, police tape, and police men everywhere. Apparently, a murder had gone down. Truthfully and unsurprisingly, Church really didn't care. He went over to a police man, pushing his way through the thick crowd, and spoke to

him.

"Hey, I really need to get through here--"

"Sir, do you know what this is? It's a crime scene," the officer replied haughtily. "No one can go through. You'll have to find another way around."

"This is the fastest way!" Church said, growling.

"I'm sorry, sir, but no one is allowed through. We can't have anyone tampering with the evidence."

"Oh, like I care!" he exclaimed.

"Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to vacate this area, please."

"Fine," Church grumbled, looking down at his wrist watch he hadn't until recently realized he wore. He groaned out a curse. Fifteen minutes had already passed.

Church back tracked a bit and crossed into an ally. On the other side, he decided to take a right. He didn't know if he was heading in the correct direction or not, but he didn't have time enough to care nor worry. Luck decided to pity (or humor, he couldn't tell) him, apparently, because he ended up outside the building where the party was being held.

"Oh god, finally!" Church exclaimed, glancing at his watch and panting. Just on time.

Looking through the grimy window, Church could see his past self -drunker than he'd ever been before and still conscious- at a table talking to Tex. Furrowing his brow, Church quickly crept to the back of the building. He slipped in unnoticed through the back entrance, thankful it was unlocked.

Church looked around the pantry-type room and made for the door. He opened it slightly and peeked out. There, not two feet away, was his past self. Tex was unusually close to his past version, a glint of something _horrible_ in her eyesâ€|Just like always.

The man took another good peek around the room, looking for a clean entrance. He spotted Simmons close by, just to the right of the pantry door, a cup in his hand. Church opened the door just enough to slip out of it, then closed it gently behind him. He went up to Simmons and spun him around.

"I need you to do me a favor."

"Does this have anything to do with Grif?" Simmons guessed. Church nodded, flabbergasted.

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"Because you always ask either me or Donut for favors and advice when it deals with Grif. And since Donut's in an upstairs room with some random guy, that leaves me."

"â€|I don't always come to you twoâ€|Do I?"

"Yup."

"Huh. Maybe because you guys are better with girl stuff." He shook his head to clear it. "That's not important right now. I need you to keep Grif busy. He's still downstairs, right?"

"Yeah," Simmons replied. "You getting a surprise ready for him?"

"Sure, yeah. It's something like thatâ€|" Church replied rather unconvincingly.

"Okay," the freckled man agreed. "I'll go distract him. For how long?"

"About," Church constructed his watch. "I think thirty minutes ought to do it. Get him drunk."

"Not hard to do," Simmons commented, turning around. "Oh, by the way, I think Tex was looking for you a while ago."

"Yeah, thanks. She found me, don't worry," Church assured, watching from the corner of his eye as Tex lead his past self upstairs. He was stumbling.

Simmons went downstairs to occupy Grif's time, and Church snuck upstairs toâ€|He didn't know what. He had no plan.

Great, he thought. Just great.

He went to the second door on the left, the door with him and Tex behind it. He gulped and knocked on the door.

"What!" was the barked reply from Tex's gruff voice.

Using his best impression of Wyoming, a man Tex couldn't stand (more than Church himself), he said, "Mhmuauauaua! Ah, Tex. Would that be another woman in that room with you? Mhmuauauaua!" He really had Wyoming's annoying laugh down.

As he was speaking, another door had opened and out came Donut, humming to himself cheerily. Church, seeing him, rushed towards the smaller man and pushed him back into the room. He covered Donut's mouth and closed the door just as Tex stormed out. He heard her rapid, furious stomping down the stairs, the cue he could release the smaller man.

"Thanks, Donut."

"Uh, sureâ€|" The blonde shook his head amusedly and went downstairs.

Church went into the room where his past self was. He was sitting on the bed, waiting for Tex and looking slightly perplexed. He looked at, essentially, himself questioningly.

"I'm, uh, a drunken hallucination. Yeah, that works." His past self nodded as if he was expecting it. "Listen, I'm here to get you out of

this room and into the next one over."

"Why?" Past Church questioned, not wanting to move.

"Because you're dating Grif and you don't want him to catch you cheating on him," Future Church explained.

"But how'll goin' one room ovah-"

"Because he doesn't go into that room!" he exploded. "Fuck, I'm a dick when drunk."

"Sure, whatever," his past self agreed uncaringly.

Past Church stumbled up and followed Future Church to the room Donut had come out of. Neither bothered to switch on the light.

"Okay, now stay here and wait for Tex. Then, do something nice for Grif," Future Church instructed.

"Why would I do that?" Past Church asked, doubting his drunken mirage's wisdom.

"You're cheating on him and it's more effective if you do something nice for someone_before_ they find out why you're doing it."

"â€|Good point."

"Yeah, well, see you." Future Church turned to leave. Before exiting the room, he added as an after thought, "Tell Caboose to take Donut out. He deserves it."

"Sure."

Future Church exited the room with a sight of relief. He leaned against the door, grinning triumphantly to himself.

After a minute of mental celebration, and hating his drunk self, Church descended the stairs. He started to round the corner, but stopped when he heard the voices of Tucker and Tex.

"Where's Wyoming?" the woman growled.

"How should I know? You screw Church yet?"

"In a fuckin' minute-I need to kill someone, first."

"Hey, does this bet make you feel like a cheap prostitute?" Tucker asked her suddenly. "I mean, if you go through with this, you're only getting twenty bucks."

"And one pissed off Church. That's enough for me."

Said man's mouth fell open in astonishment; it wasn't long before that shock turned to full-blown anger.

Barely able to think straight, Church stormed back upstairs. Hands balled into fists, he leaned against a door and clenched his eyes shut, trying not to loose it and kill everyone. Oh, but fuck was he

going to kill someone soon.

Suddenly, he heard approaching footsteps.

"What are you doing, Church?" His eyes shot open and he looked at the newcomer. Instantly, his anger was replaced with exasperation and nervousness; God really was having a huge laugh at his expense.

"H-hey Grif!" Why wasn't he drunk like he usually was at parties and where in the fucking hell was Simmons?

"Yeah, you don't look suspicious," Grif said, rolling his eyes.

"There's a really good explanation for this!" I think."

"How convincing. Look, you idiot, just wake up," Grif told him.

"Huh?" Church replied stupidly.

"Wake up, already. I'm bored, this is pathetic, and I really want to hear your side of the story!" As long as it doesn't involve a dance number like Donut's."

The world started going fuzzy and the colors and images all began bleeding together. Rhythmically, Church's eyelids drooped down, then sprung up, never fully closing. Grif kept talking, though he only scantily understood a word of it. Finally, Church's eyes gave away and they closed completely. He was thrown into darkness and silence.

! !.

Church's first thought was that his head felt as though it had cracked open and his brain had fallen out, yet hadn't fully detached. His second thought was ow He let out a moan and his eyes flittered open. He quickly shut and clenched them tightly when the sharp light pierced his retinas, causing him more-unnecessary-pain.

"Church, you're awake. How do you feel?" came the voice of Frank DuFresne, or Doc as he was reluctantly known as.

Church cracked open one eye to glare at the man for his stupid question. He was greeted with the fuzzy images of all his friends (he actually thought of most of them more as acquaintances he'd rather never had met). As he opened his other eye, everyone and thing came into focus, more or less.

"Am I dead and in Hell?" he wondered out loud.

"No," Doc laughed. "You're in your apartment. Donut called me over because you got hit in the head with a baseball bat."

"And for some reason, no one decided to take you to the hospital," Simmons added with a snort.

"So does that mean I'm in the present?" Church asked, dazed.

"We're always in the present, no matter what Simmons and the others say," Tucker explained, glaring at said people.

"You're not allowed to speak, you sunuvabitch," Church muttered. Church tried to turn his head towards the mocha skinned man, but abandoned that attempted movement when it proved to be too painful.

"You shouldn't move; you were hit pretty hard," Doc told him when he let out a tiny whimper.

"Hey, he told me to!" Donut protested.

"Pleaseâ€¦don't yell," Church told them all, clenching his eyes shut again. He reopened them, however, when Grif spoke.

"So, what were you trying to do?"

"Go back in time," he mumbled in response, his world spinning.

"How were you going to go back in time with a giant wheel?" Simmons asked incredulously.

"Baseball batâ€¦accelerationâ€¦something, something, gerbil wheelâ€¦Made sense at the time," Church attempted to explain to the man.

"Were you high?"

"Why were you trying to go back in time?" Grif asked him, Simmons going ignored. Church took a deep breath before telling him.

"Party. Stairs, distraction, alcohol, Tex, you. It was stupid. Ow."

He looked up at Caboose, remembering something. "You, fuck Donut."

"Go out with, first," the blonde corrected.

"Whatever."

"Okay!" Caboose agreed quickly.

Doc and Donut ushered everyone save for Church and Grif out of the room. They reluctantly left the two alone.

"So," Grif said when they had all left. "You were trying to go back in time to stop your drunken ass from cheating."

"Er, yeah. Heh, I just couldn't live without you," Church said, sighing inwardly in relief and too tired to care how unconvincingly cheesy it was. "Forgive me?"

"You're an idiot," Grif told him, contradictory grin on his face.

"Yeah, we're perfect for each other."

"Fine, I forgive you. Next time, don't do stupid things without me; they're too hilarious to miss," Grif laughed. Church started to chuckle, but it turned into a wince and curse.

"You should get some sleep," Grif suggested.

Church didn't need to be told twice; soon, he was out like a light. Though, he might have passed out from a concussion.

End
file.